

# MORRIS COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 1.

BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1872.

NO. 38.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**A. D. MASSEY,**  
Practical Mason,  
Covington, Vermont.

**J. F. WRIGHT,**  
Physician and Surgeon. Office over Grandy, Skinner  
& Parker's Store.  
Chronic diseases a specialty.  
Barton Landing, Vt.

**DR. O. A. BEMIS,**  
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
Craftsbury, Vermont.

**DR. PARKHURST,**  
Physician and Surgeon. Will be at E. W. Langworthy's Hotel  
in Covington, Friday of each week, from 2 to 5 P. M.  
Agent for Waterbury, N. S. Truss. Kept con-  
stantly on hand.

**W. B. CRITCHFIELD,**  
PAINTER & GLAZIER. Graining, Whitewashing  
and Paper Hanging done in the best style and  
satisfaction guaranteed. Orders solicited.  
East Albany, Vt.

**L. R. WOOD, JR.,**  
FANCY PAINTER. Undertaker attended to by Fan-  
cy Painting, Lettering, Signers, Motions, Frac-  
turing and General Graining, Drawing, Drafting,  
Sketching and Designing. Orders solicited.  
Barton, Vermont.

**J. J. HILL,**  
SUCCESSOR TO F. P. CHENEY. Will continue to  
sell a Large Variety of Sewing and Knitting Ma-  
chines. Orders solicited. Barton, Vt.

**CUTLER & COSS,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF Carriages and Stages,  
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**MISS A. J. CUTLER,**  
MILLINERY, Dress Making and Pattern Rooms,  
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**E. G. STEVENS,**  
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**M. J. SMITH,**  
PROPRIETOR OF THE Orleans County Marble Works  
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Monuments, etc.

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FIRE INSURANCE AGENT. Barton, Vermont.

**J. N. WEBSTER,**  
PHOTOGRAPHER. Dealer in Stereoscopes, Views,  
oval, square, and rustic frames of all kinds.

**FRED. H. MORSE,**  
PAINTER, Graining, Glazing, White-  
washing and Paper Hanging. All work done in  
the best style and satisfaction guaranteed. Saw filed  
to order.

**DALE & ROBINSON,**  
ATTORNEYS AND Counsellors at Law, Barton, Vt.  
Office on State Street.

**L. J. WOODMAN,**  
DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, and Findings of the  
best kind and quality. Offered cheap for cash.  
Store over A. J. L. Twombly's.

**MRS. GEO. C. DAVIS,**  
PAINT AND VEST MAKER. Barton, Vermont.

**A. & J. L. TWOMBLY,**  
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Flour, Corn,  
Rye and Lard. Pans and Oils. Hardware,  
Wine, India Goods, Groceries, Butter and Cheese. Also  
Wm. L. Bratley's L. X. Phosphate and Sea Wolf Guano.

**A. C. ROBINSON,**  
WHOLESALE dealer in Flour, Grain, W. I. Goods,  
Groceries, Lard, Flour, Oil, Fish, Salt, Iron,  
Steel, Nails, Glass, etc. Depot Store, Barton, Vt.

**WM. W. GIBSON,**  
ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law and Claim Agent.  
Will attend the courts in Orleans and Caledonia  
counties. Barton, Vt.

**W. W. EATON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Counsellor in Chancery.  
Will attend courts in Orleans and Caledonia  
counties. Prompt attention to collections—  
Greenfield, Vt.

**J. M. CULBERTSON,**  
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER. Barton, Vermont.

**MARTIN ABBOTT,**  
WHEELRIGHT, Carriage Maker and General  
Job Worker. Open and Put Buggies, and  
styles of carriages always on hand. Glover Vt.

**J. E. DWINELL,**  
MANUFACTURER and Dealer in Furniture of all  
kinds and descriptions, Carpets, Room Paper  
and Pictures, also Coffins and Caskets. Picture  
frames, Spring Beds, etc. Glover Vt.

**NEW GOODS!**  
The subscriber has just opened a fresh lot of  
MILLINERY  
AND  
Fancy Goods.

clothing all the latest styles from New York and Bos-  
ton such as, Neapolitan, Straw, Chin, Cactus,  
Sundays and Llama hats, Bonnets of every  
style, Flowers, Ribbons, Laces, Edgings,  
Silks, Collars and a variety of Fancy Goods.  
Millinery and Dress Making.

**DRESS MAKING**  
done at my rooms by  
EXPERIENCED WORKMEN.  
Have made arrangements to receive goods from New  
York and Boston  
EVERY WEEK  
and can give our customers  
THE LATEST STYLES

**LOWEST MARKET PRICES.**  
Thinking the public for their past favors, I hope to  
receive my share of your future patronage.  
Barton, Vt., May 6th, 1872. MRS. N. M. JEWELL.

**Blacksmithing**  
—AT—

**WEST GLOVER.**  
The subscriber takes this method to inform the citizens  
of West Glover, and vicinity, that he has taken the Shop  
at West Glover, where he is ready to do all kinds  
of work.

**CUSTOM WORK.**  
with Promptness, Thoroughness and at fair prices.  
West Glover, May 16, 1872. J. G. MARTIN.

**OLD PICTURES COPIED**  
at the lowest possible price.

**Do Not be Humbugged**  
by sending your old pictures away by strangers who  
represent that they will do up more than any one  
else, as I will agree to copy

**20 PER CENT. LESS**  
for the same quality of work than any other parties.  
J. N. WEBSTER.

## NAKED VENUS BY THE RIVER:

A POET'S MASTERPIECE.  
A SATIRE.

A poet sat in his attic here,  
A-viewing the things around him there,  
"A real shabby hole is this," said he,  
"For such a famous poet as me."

A rickety table before him stood,  
Over which a candle shed its light;  
There sat this poet in pensive mood  
Until the wee wee hours of night.

Still sat he there in his night-shirt bare;  
But ladies, don't blush, it covered him all;  
Till his long dim limbs, which under his chair  
Were bared about his legs.

His eyes flashed fire as still he sat;  
His back was curved just like a cat;  
His long fingers longed to reach his hair  
As if to hunt some "animals" there.

Then suddenly he grasped his pen,  
And wrote with all the gods of men,  
That all the world should know his fame,  
And every tongue pronounce his name.

"I'll write my masterpiece," said he,  
"And bring his first against his head."  
"I'll write them something useful grand,  
That'll spread my fame o'er all the land."

"Perhaps Symeonites Jones may then  
Think me as big as other men,  
O Jehovah and ye gods above,  
What a powerful thing is love!"

"Now, what'll I call my grand effusion?  
'Tis I'm beginning to shiver."  
Well, let me see, I'll call it—  
"Naked Venus by the River."

Then he took his pen right in his ink,  
And dug his head to make him think,  
And quickly wrote, in language terse,  
The touching story of his verse.

"O mother, may I go down to swim?  
Oh, yes, my darling daughter;  
Go hang your clothes on a hickory limb,  
But don't go near the water."

His fame did spread o'er all the land,  
You hear his verse on every hand;  
By either sex, both old and young,  
You hear the verse most plaintive sung.

Brigham Young is a married man.  
A life without joy is worse than one  
of great grief.

Whoever lives for himself alone lives  
for a mean fellow.

The leading divorce lawyer of Chicago  
is named Pitts.

The average cost of building a mile  
of railroad in the United States is \$44,225.

Gen. Grant keeps track of events  
through the columns of thirty-seven daily papers.

A Western paper says Sumner has  
gone to Africa to ascertain whether or  
not Stanley did find Livingstone.

"How greedy you are," said one little  
girl to another, who had taken the best  
apple in the dish—"I was going to take  
that!"

A young lady at Long Branch receives  
a new dress daily from New York, and  
yet does not half cover herself when in  
full dress.

Mushrooms grow up through the ce-  
ment walks in Ithaca, and yet there are  
people vile enough to say that cement  
walks are good for nothing.

In a stone quarry at Amamosa, Iowa,  
a solid block of stone, on being excavated  
through, was found to contain a petrified  
human foot. Darwin is looked to for  
the foot's biography.

English noblemen still cherish the  
conviction that Americans are a race of  
savages. One of them, on being intro-  
duced to Clara Louise Kellogg, innocently  
queried: "Do you speak English?"

The great original sea serpent is said  
to have been at last identified as a non-  
serpentine species of eel, by no means rare  
in South African waters, which sometimes  
attain the length of forty feet.

J. A. Lewis is not putting half-drowned  
soldiers out of the water this year at  
Newport. She has a husband, and  
spends her spare time oscillating a wick-  
er basket on rockers. And she isn't  
unhappy, either.

"I say, Jack, suppose three bad eggs  
and a pair of old boots boiled down in  
a gallon of Croton, how to you think it  
would compare with Saratoga water?"  
Jack—reflectingly. "It wants another  
egg, Dick."

"What's to become of me, if you die?"  
asked an affectionate wife of her re-  
ceding husband. "I don't know," he snap-  
ped out, querulously. "It would look  
better to you to be thinking what's to  
become of me!"

A young man named Alfred Young,  
who made an unsuccessful attempt to  
commit suicide at Virginia City, recently,  
left on his table a note to a friend as  
follows: "Jim, if I die, lay me quietly  
away and say nothing about it. I have  
killed five men."

It's a cow this time. She was killed  
in Augusta, Georgia, on Thursday, the  
5th, and in her stomach were found a  
full peck of small stones, as many as a dozen  
pearl buttons, a three-hundred pound  
shot, a sewing-machine and a frog skinned  
playing "Hot, Hog, or Die" on a  
single-keyed fute.

A woman, an infant, and a bottle of  
milk caused a great commotion on an  
Indiana train the other day, when it  
was running at the rate of forty miles  
an hour. The bottle dropped out of the  
window, the mother frantically pulled  
the bell-cord, stopped the train, and  
wanted the conductor to go back after the  
babe's lost sustenance. The brute  
didn't go.

Needham owned a deep mouthed watch-  
dog, which always "bayed him welcome  
home," and snatched mouthfuls of chops  
out of the legs of strangers. Needham  
took the faithful animal along with him  
one day to watch the fishes while he  
was in swimming. The animal would  
for an hour, and the dog meanwhile went  
to sleep on Needham's garments. When  
Needham got out the dog did not recog-  
nize him in his nude condition, and re-  
fused to let him come near the garments.  
Every time Needham would grab for a  
suspender or a sock the dog would bite  
a mouthful out of his arm or leg, and  
whenever Needham made a dive for a  
boot or an undershirt, the animal would  
seize him by the calf and shake him—  
So Needham stood there in the sun pre-  
tending to be dead, and he spent the af-  
ternoon dodging in and out of the water  
to avoid the Dorcas societies and female  
students at the boarding-school, and the  
factory girls coming down the road. At  
last, when the dog went to sleep, Need-  
ham crept behind him, caught him sud-  
denly by the tail and flung him across  
the stream. Before the dog could swim  
back, Needham got most of his clothes  
upon his bleeding body and limbs, and  
dog came sliding up to him, looking as  
if he expected to be rewarded for his  
extraordinary watchfulness.

## A Story of Desertion.

(From Chamberlain's Journal.)

Among the artillerymen belonging to  
the garrison of St. Helena in 1779, were  
John Browne and William McKinnon.

These two men were fast friends and in-  
separable companions; but while the  
Englishman was content to take things  
as they came, and make the best of his  
lot, the Scotchman was perpetually harp-  
ing upon the hardship of being cooped  
up in a dull place like St. Helena.

At last he ventured to propose that they  
desert their colors. In vain his friend  
pointed out to him the unlikelihood of  
effecting their escape, and dwelt upon  
the penalty awaiting failure. McKinnon's  
home fever was too strong upon him  
for arguments to avail, and the discus-  
sion eventually ended in Browne's  
assent.

Carefully sounding such of their com-  
rades as they could trust, the two would-  
be deserters succeeded in prevailing upon  
Samuel McKinnon, Charles Brighthouse, Ter-  
rence Conway and William Parr to take  
part in the desperate adventure, and  
hold themselves ready to seize the first  
opportunity of getting away from the  
island. The opportunity soon came.

The Columbia, an American vessel, ar-  
riving in the bay, and Parr's persuasive  
tongue induced the captain to promise  
whatever assistance he could render—  
Accordingly, when the six adventurers  
met at the West Rock on the evening of  
the 8th of June, they found a boat wait-  
ing there for them. As soon as they got  
on board, uniforms were doffed in ex-  
change for seamen's clothes. Then,  
when night came—so that suspicion  
might be diverted from the Columbia—  
they ventured into the harbor and cut  
out a whale-boat, in which, after taking  
in a quadrant and sextant, and some  
bread and water from the American,  
they stood out to sea, to lie off the island  
at a safe distance, until their friend  
should pick them up. They were, how-  
ever, disappointed in their expectations;  
for some reason or another, the Colum-  
bia never came near; and by noon on  
the second day it was apparent to all  
that they must rely upon their own  
strength of arm and stoutness of heart  
to carry them to a haven of safety.

Parr was the only man in the boat  
with any pretensions of seamanship. He  
proposed to bear away for Ascension  
Island, which, though uninhabited and  
barren, was often visited by the East  
Indiamen for the sake of its turtle—  
Disguised as they were, the deserters  
thought they might easily pass them-  
selves off as shipwrecked sailors, and  
have little difficulty in obtaining a pas-  
sage in some homeward bound ship.

They were but ill prepared for a six  
hundred mile journey across the ocean;  
the boat leaked, so as to require con-  
stant bailing, and their provisions, all  
told, consisted of twenty-five pounds of  
bread, and thirteen gallons of fresh wa-  
ter. No one, however, cared to suggest  
a return to St. Helena, so, making a  
sail of their handkerchiefs, they started  
on their perilous way, their frail craft  
speeding rapidly before a north-west  
gale.

On the morning of the 28th of June  
several flights of birds were seen, but  
eyes were vainly strained to catch a  
sight of land. Parr announced his opin-  
ion that they had passed Ascension Is-  
land; shirts were pressed into service  
to form a spit-sail, and the course was  
altered in the hope of making Rio Ja-  
neiro. By this time their slender store  
of provision had sadly diminished, and  
they resolved to limit themselves to an  
ounce of bread and two mouthfuls of wa-  
ter per day for each man. Day by day  
their strength sank, and their spirits  
with it; McKinnon being the saddest of  
that sad crew, reproaching himself with  
having been the first cause of the suffer-  
ing he shared. But worse was to come;  
the last morsel of bread was eaten, the  
last drop of water drank, no sail could  
be seen, no signs of land appeared, to  
impart a little hope to the enfeebled,  
wasted, despairing men. Some thought  
to relieve their inflamed throats by suck-  
ing a piece of bamboo; Browne recall-  
ing some sea-story to mind, soaked a  
piece of his shoe in salt water, but was  
glad to throw it away after testing it.  
He then cut up the inner sole, dividing  
it with his comrades in misfortune, but  
no one received any benefit from his ge-  
nerosity. The weary days and wearier  
nights sped on, and yet they lived, hav-  
ing existed eight days upon an ounce of  
bread and a few drops of water, and for  
five days upon nothing at all. Then Parr  
contrived to catch a dolphin, for which  
they all thanked God devoutly. The fish  
lasted them for four days; and when it  
was finished, Parr, Browne, Brighthouse  
and Conway were for scuttling the boat,  
and thus ending their misery. The other  
two objected, arguing, that "God who  
had made them, always found them  
something to eat;" but their faith  
failed them at last, and then

Three days after the acting of this  
tragedy, Browne observed at daybreak  
a change in the color of the water, and  
when the daylight grew stronger, land  
was discerned. Revived by the whole-  
some sight, all exerted themselves to  
their utmost, and by eight o'clock they  
were close on the shore; they

Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran,  
Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay;  
A reef between them and the shore began  
To show its boiling surf and bounding spray;  
But finding no place for their landing better,  
They ran the boat for shore—and overboard her,  
And in a moment were battling for dear  
life with the angry waters, Browne,  
Conway and Parr, after a hard struggle,  
got safe footing on land, but the other  
two were swept away by the waves and  
drowned.

Sore in body and sad at heart, the  
three battled survivors dragged their  
aching limbs to a hut upon the beach,  
and exchanged dismal congratulations.  
But fortune had not yet dealt her last  
blow. The hut was tenanted by an  
old Indian woman and her son, the  
former of whom disappeared immediately  
after the intrusion of the strangers into  
her domicile; and in less than two hours'  
time the place was surrounded by armed  
men. Before the objects of the com-  
motion could think of resistance, they  
found themselves seized, tied by the  
hands and feet, slung upon poles—  
and on their way to some unknown des-  
tination. After traveling in this un-  
comfortable fashion for three miles or  
so, their captors halted at a village or  
small town, unslung their prisoners,  
and put them into a rude sort of prison,  
where they lay, half dead with hunger  
and exhaustion, exposed to the derision  
of brutal sight-seers. This state of tor-  
ment, however, did not last long. The  
governor of the place paid them a visit,  
and as soon as he discovered they were  
not Frenchmen, ordered them to be car-  
ried to his own house, where a few days  
of kind and judicious treatment worked  
wonders. They learned from their host  
that they were in Portuguese hands, and  
in Brazil, Parr accounting for their un-  
invited presence by attributing it to the  
wreck of the Sally of Liverpool, a ship  
bound for Jamaica, of which his father  
was owner and he captain.

To amuse his guests, the governor  
took them to an Indian festival, where  
they were the observed of all observers;  
Parr's handsome person, in particular,  
excited the curiosity and admiration of  
the dusky beauties of the forest. The  
chief's daughter lost her heart at sight,  
and offered to accept him as a husband  
then and there. Parr was rather taken  
aback at this sudden proposal, but re-  
turned his thanks for the unexpected  
honor, begging at the same time to de-  
fer the nuptial ceremony until his next  
coming; whereupon the lady tore her  
head-feathers off, and "vented her in-  
dignation as naturally as any European  
female would have done on the same  
occasion." Parr proved equal to the  
crisis. Rising from his seat, he made  
his way to the angry maiden's side, and  
despite the difficulty of saying sweet  
things through an interpreter, succeeded  
in mollifying the offended damsel. They  
parted most affectionately, promising to  
return in a few days for his bride, with-  
out it, must be owned, having the slight-  
est idea of keeping his word; but under  
the circumstances, the breach of prom-  
ise was excusable.

As soon as they had quite recovered  
the effects of their ill-starred voyage,  
the Englishmen were sent to San Salva-  
dor. Here every one tried to make them  
forget their misfortunes. The governor  
clothed them like gentlemen, started a  
subscription for their benefit, and made  
much of them in every way. Invitations  
poured in thickly upon them—  
Conway and Browne were invited on ac-  
count of pity and politeness, but their companion  
Parr, who must have been the ne'er-do-  
well of some good family, had the hap-  
py knack of accommodating himself to all  
companies, and making himself at home  
anywhere. At the first ball to which  
they went, while his friends were sit-  
ting down quietly looking at the flying  
feet of the dancers, Parr was busy ex-  
plaining the movements of an English  
country dance, illustrating his descrip-  
tion by leading off with the governor's

daughter, footing it so neatly, that Con-  
way, with a touch of envy, declared he  
must have been a dancing master—  
Good-looking, well-mannered, ready-wit-  
ted, he danced himself into everybody's  
good graces, all doors were open for him,  
and a merry time he had of it.

Not content with obtaining partners  
in the dance, Parr sought to secure a  
partner for life. He fell desperately in  
love with a beautiful girl named Olym-  
pia Alvarez, and undaunted by the fact  
that he could only offer her an empty  
hand, while she was the only child of  
one of the richest merchants in San Sal-  
vador, lost no time in letting her know  
the state of his feelings. The lady was  
not blind to the personal merits of the  
daring aspirant, but pride stood in the  
way of her surrendering without parley  
to an unknown foreigner, who was liv-  
ing upon charity. She professed to be  
astonished at his audacity, although no  
doubt she liked him the better for it;  
but fate was in his favor, and a happy  
accident made him master of the situa-  
tion. One day Alvarez, his daughter,  
and her by no means hopeless lover,  
took part in a water picnic; the boat by  
some mismanagement, struck upon a  
shelving rock, and Olympia was thrown  
overboard. Parr was in the water in a  
moment, and the girl's life saved; and  
with feminine logic, she persuaded her-  
self that her life belonged to the man  
who risked his own in her behalf, and  
resolved to make him a tender of it—  
She accordingly dispatched her confes-  
sor—a very Friar Lawrence—with a let-  
ter asking Parr to meet her at the church  
upon a certain evening. The exultant  
lover was punctual to the appointment;  
his friend Browne was with him, and  
there too was Olympia, cloaked and  
veiled, with her convenient confessor at  
her side. A few low words passed be-  
tween the pair; the priest unlocked the  
door, and all passed into a little chapel  
lit by one small taper; and when Browne  
departed for his lodging, he left his  
companion behind him, a married man.

The bold bridegroom passed his wed-  
ding night beneath the roof of his un-  
conscious father-in-law, and the happy  
couple contrived to meet by stealth ev-  
ery day. But the fear of detection be-  
came too strong for the new-made wife's  
nerves, and one fine morning Alvarez  
missed his daughter, and Brown missed  
his friend. The news ran through the  
town. The enraged father hastened to  
the governor, who dispatched thirty cav-  
alry soldiers armed with carbines and  
sabers in pursuit of the fugitives, Browne  
being permitted to accompany them. They  
traveled for hours without striking  
the trail, but just as the sun was  
setting, a loud shriek of distress start-  
led their ears. They hastened on, and  
soon found the object of their search,  
literally up a tree, around the trunk of  
which a huge snake was coiled on hos-  
tile thoughts intent. How the lady  
managed to attain the elevated position  
she shared with her husband is a mys-  
tery the narrator of the story forgot to  
solve. The soldiers would have charg-  
ed the hungry reptile, but their horses  
had an opinion of their own as to the  
advisability of the proceeding, and re-  
fused to budge an inch. Jumping off  
his steed, Browne advanced toward the  
tree with his carbine cocked; as he  
raised his piece the serpent gave a ter-  
rible hiss, and Olympia, slipping from  
her husband's protecting arms, fell to  
the ground, and Parr leaped down after  
her. For a moment Browne was dis-  
concerted, but recovering himself, he  
fired. The ball entered the serpent's  
neck; and seeing him thus disabled, the  
troopers dismounting, rushed in upon  
it; and dispatched it with their sabers.

Not caring for a night's journey  
through the forests, the party camped  
out until morning, starting homeward  
with the break of day. The Governor  
received the prisoners very kindly; and  
the old merchant, like a sensible man,  
seeing what was done could not be un-  
done, made the best of the business, and  
carried his daughter and son-in-law  
home with him. Others were not so  
forgiving. Certain disappointed indi-  
viduals, enraged at the Englishman  
winning the prize for which they had  
vainly contended, hired some ruffians  
to waylay Parr and his wife as they  
came out of the theatre one night—  
Browne, who was with them, wrested a  
sword from one of the assailants, and  
did good service, until he was cut down.  
The screams of the lady brought the sol-  
diers out, and the young couple escaped  
unharmful. The affair so alarmed Al-  
varez that he determined to leave San  
Salvador, and accordingly left by the  
first ship bound for Lisbon. Conway  
was one of the party, but they were re-  
luctantly compelled to leave Browne be-  
hind, as he had not sufficiently recovered  
from his wound.

Unfortunately for himself, he was  
strong enough to go about by the time  
H. M. S. Diomedé put into San Salva-  
dor, and fell into the clutches of a press-  
gang on the look-out for any of their  
countrymen who might serve their re-  
turn. Brown had his choice either to remain  
on that station or go to Cape of Good  
Hope. He chose the latter alternative,  
and in due time was entered as a sea-  
man on board H. M. S. Leander. In

1801 he was transferred to the Duke of  
Clarence, and after a cruise on the At-  
lantic, found himself back at St. Helena.  
Making a virtue of necessity, he gave  
himself up as a deserter, and related all  
that had befallen him since he left his  
Majesty's service without leave or li-  
cense. Thinking the crime had brought  
its own punishment in his case, the  
authorities allowed him to depart for  
England by the first homeward-bound  
vessel; and when he got there, Browne,  
"to deter others from engaging in such  
a foolish enterprise," wrote a narrative  
of the adventures of the six deserters;  
a narrative Grenville thought worthy of  
a place in his library, and which Byron  
did not disdain to borrow.

**A BLOODY HISTORY.**  
The horrible massacre of a large com-  
pany of California-bound emigrants at  
Mountain Meadow, in Utah, in the year  
of 1857, will be remembered by many  
of our readers. From the fact of the  
terrible mutilation of the bodies, and  
other circumstances which forbade the  
belief that civilized human beings could  
have been guilty of such atrocities, the  
butchery was ascribed to the Indians,  
and in that belief the people have, un-  
til of late, generally rested. Evidence  
is now put forward, seemingly of an un-  
impeachable character, to show that the  
blood of these defenceless people rests  
upon the heads of the Mormons, and  
not the Indians, and that Brigham  
Young, the head of the church, and  
commander-in-chief of the Mormon mil-  
itia, is, by his official order, directly re-  
sponsible for the slaughter.

Philip Kingston Smith, a Mormon bish-  
op in good standing at the present writ-  
ing, and a Mormon bishop at the time  
of the massacre, fifteen years ago, has  
just come forward with a sworn state-  
ment regarding the affair, which will  
cause the blood to boil within the veins  
of every honest man who reads it, and  
kindle in every heart a fierce determi-  
nation to put down Mormonism, if not by  
the strong arm of law, then by the  
strong arm of might. The story of  
Smith is to the effect that the emigrant  
train, which had reached Salt Lake City  
in safety from Arkansas, spent a single  
night there, and the next day proceeded  
on its way by the old wagon road to  
southern California.

It was unimpeded until after the company  
had passed Cedar City, when, by official  
order from Brigham Young, a body of  
militia commanded by magistrates of the  
Mormon church at Cedar City, was sent  
in pursuit, with instructions to "kill all  
but the little children." Smith, with  
two or three others, wished to intercede  
for the lives of the party, but was or-  
dered to fall into ranks on pain of death.  
Upon overtaking the train a running  
fight began, in which the Mormons were  
worsted, but, reinforcements arriving,  
a flag of truce was sent in to the emi-  
grants with the promise of protection if  
they would lay down their arms. The  
rest of the story we give in Smith's own  
words: "They accordingly laid down  
their arms, came out from their camp,  
and delivered themselves up; the women  
and children were then separated from  
the men; and were marched ahead of  
the men; after said emigrants had march-  
ed about half a mile toward Cedar City,  
the order was given to shoot them down;  
the emigrants were then and there shot  
down, except seventeen little children,  
which I immediately took into my charge.  
I do not know the total number of said  
company, as I did not stop to count the  
dead; I immediately put the little chil-  
dren in baggage wagons belonging to  
the regiment, and took them to Hamlin's  
Ranch, and from there to Cedar City,  
and procured them homes among the  
people."

There is no need of comment on the  
story. The plain bare facts are suffi-  
ciently horrible in themselves. It now  
remains to be seen, if the statement is  
substantiated, what steps the govern-  
ment will take in the matter.

**UTAH.**  
The development just made in regard  
to the Mountain Meadow massacre, will  
have the effect of turning the eyes of  
the nation toward that great Territory,  
so soon to become the scene of the con-  
flict between the foul demon of Mormon-  
ism and the spirit of liberty and civiliza-  
tion. The majority, perhaps, of the  
people of the United States know little  
more of Utah than that it contains that  
wonderful body of water, Great Salt  
Lake, and that it is the home of the  
Mormons. In fact, our geographers and  
government surveyors are nearly as ig-  
norant as school-boys themselves in re-  
gard to the larger portion of this im-  
mense area of country, which, at no dis-  
tant day, is destined to play a promi-  
nent part among the States of the Union.  
Although not geographically entitled to  
the claim, Utah is frequently spoken  
of by writers as the center of the Ameri-  
can Republic. It is regularly shaped,  
diversified in surface and covers in area  
not far from 120,000 square miles. Its  
climate is remarkably salubrious, so  
far as the Indians and Mormons have  
allowed settlers to test it from experi-  
ence. Not distant from the northern  
limits of the Territory the three great  
rivers of the continent, the Columbia,

Colorado, and Missouri, take their rise,  
and within its borders lies that immense  
inland salt water sea which has excited  
the wonder and admiration of the world.

The population of the entire Territo-  
ry, now exceeding 100,000, lies in the  
belt of the country extending from Salt  
Lake, the Jordan and Utah lakes on the  
west to the Wasatch mountains on the  
east, and as far south as the head-waters  
of the River Virgin, which falls into the  
Colorado after passing through Arizona.

This belt is about one hundred and six-  
ty miles in length, with an average  
width of sixty miles. This population  
is largely made up of Mormons, or of  
those favorable to that bigoted and non-  
progressive religion.

markedly rich in mines, and it is con-  
fidently declared by old miners that as  
rich gold leads exist in Utah as in Cali-  
fornia. But the policy of the Mormon  
Church has been from first to last in-  
terested against the development of these in-  
terests, for very palpable reasons. The  
opening of rich mines would cause an  
immense immigration into the country,  
and of such a peculiar character as to  
demoralize the disciples and ruin the  
prospects of the hierarchy. Until the  
Pacific railroad was pushed through the  
country this policy was maintained.

The little settlements that sprang up  
along the line of the road were made up  
of rough go-ahead people, who cared  
little for Brigham Young or his com-  
mands. They soon discovered the wealth  
which nature had so liberally bestowed  
upon the country, and went to work to  
profit by it. They have already, with-  
in the narrow belt mentioned, prospected